best show they could, the racket on the skir- those just northeast of the main fort. mish-line was at times simply "immense." That ditch was our only haven, and the regi-

GREW HILARIOUS,

tagion of fon and closed up to see it, so that at times the regiment was within 10 rods or less of the skirmishers. I do not think our regiment passed more than 20 or 30 wounded or dead of both sides.

Midway through the woods, on the west come back and blow this coffee; it's

TOO HOT TO DRINK!"

Across the road from the camp was a narnearly as I can recollect, it was less than a mile farther to the open field before the fort just at the edge of the woods. Keeping out



of sight of the fort, Col. Callen halted the 96th, as he said, for one minute to tighten belts and get a drink. He formed the regiment in two divisions, right in front, During this moment's halt

TWO CANNON WERE FIRED

from Fort Harrison. The first shot passed high overhead and down the road; the second struck in a large tree just at our flank and but a few feet above the ground. The crash of the second shell ended our short one-minute's halt. The sharp voice of Col. Callen brought that string of commands that always periends a tough job close at hand, and the 96th stepped out into that fatal field with column closed in mass, arms time."

Just here a few items about my regiment, and one item for myself. During the Summer of 1864 the 96th had lost heavily in men, and especially so in officers. At the ditch as prisoners. Cold Harbor, for anstance, it had only 11 officers, and left seven of these dead on the peculiar. All the woods to the left, the field field. Two companies-G and D-had be- to the rear, and the cornfields and young pine come entirely obliterated. We had that day three or four companies with no officers present, and these were tacked on to the left flank of other companies more fortunate. Though nominally with right companies, we had but four company formations. These of shot among those old log barracks. I saw no were formed into two divisions, and they | well-organized companies or regiments come in were small at that; for we had crossed the to the fort for the first 40 minutes, but I saw bridge that night with, all told, but 167 any number of groups of five or six men, men. I was then First Lieutenant of Co. F | sometimes of two or three different regiments, and in command of my company, with Co. | with a Lieutenant or maybe a Sergeant in com-A tacked on as an "orphan." These two companies, with C and K, formed the first division, and as I outranked the Lieutenant who had command of these two companies, Gen. Burnham. I soon after met 10 or 15 of it thus happened that I reached the proudest position of my life-to lead the first regi- and with them our flag. They told me that mental division in the assault on Fort Har- Col. Cullen was in command of the brigade, and mison.

As we stepped out into that open field the bravest. About three-fourths of a mile before us, and stretching out of sight to the left and right, was a line of the heaviest works

WE HAD EVER FACED.

and crowning a hill in the center was a great could then see, there did not appear a depression that would shelter a rabbit. The and about palf a dozen smaller pieces. All the guns fired over the parapet, and the works seemed to be full of men.

The artillery opened at once, but for the first discharge their aim seemed to be too high. A few minutes later a second shell from one of the large guns on the right burst a few rods in our front and low down. It was a "spherical case." It killed Color-Serg't Sweet and piled eight men-of those nearest the flag and all of the first divisionon a piece of ground that you could almost have covered with an army blanket. But the flag was instantly lifted, the gap closed quickly, the column "steadied," and our line and step was good enough for battalion

Soon other troops got into the field and divided death's favors with But nevertheless it seemed as if our beautiful State flag drew an unnecessary amount of atten-

When about halfway across the field I heard in a sort of bull one of my men mutter, "ABOUT TIME FOR GRAPE!"

Hardly had the words been uttered when men of the 96th that crossed the river that one of the big guns spoke, and out through | morning 137 were killed in action or removed the white, woolly smoke that leaped from from the field wounded. its throat rushed a group of black balls that Now, Serg't Jewett, you will please note that 20 rods in our front, and when they reached the first division were from knee to waisthigh. A dozen men yelled "Look out!" had been cabbageheads. But the second four later doses of these could be readily seen, but they came too fast to be dodged, and

their work was terrible. water I ever tasted. Col. Cullen's next order Sth Conn. had never been known to pass was to form at the brow of the hill as far up as we could and be covered, and then at his command to rise and fire at those gunners, and then to "Get into that fort as quick as

God will let you!" All of the 96th had started up the hill as the first of the regiment in our rear began from Ananias, and dates these rumors back to arrive. The Colonel's order was obeyed, even before Fort Harrison, and says "We had except that the company and division for- often joked them about it before. mation was ignored and the regiment formed

seemed as if there opened before us THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH-

on the right of the road were the 10th N. H. | whether we got the load from two or all of These were each anxious to try their new | the guns on that side. We not only got the Spencers, and as the rebel pickets made the fire from in front, but a withering fire from

But there was no staying the march of our | ment seemed to have but two thoughts-to get line. In short, the hunt on the skirmish. there quick, and to take our flag along. I saw it fall once, and First Serg't Jack Lawder, of Co. H, took it up to carry it less than a rod and drop dead. Then his Captain, Alex Mcand though they were crowded back through | Laughlin, of Niagara Falls, took it less than the heavy timber and brush at a swinging another rod, and fell with both thigh-bones gait, the 96th boys seemed to catch the con- broken. So it went across that thrashing-floor

of death I received a slight leg wound myself just bebottom, we found it at least eight feet deep. I instantly, with several others, began to "boost" a ledge just wide enough to stand on, and the side of the road, we came to the camp of the second man I put up was Charles DeWolf, of Co. rebel picket reserve. Their fires were still K, with our flag in his hands. The stream of burning, and food was cooking on nearly men still poured slowly in, and when I saw the every fire. I saw a 118th boy take a cup of first strange face—that is, not of my own regihot coffee from the first fire, and heard him | ment-I gave my foot to another and squeezed B few rods ahead, "Here, you d-d Johnny, to him. There were no stakes along this ditch, as some have stated.

ditch, so it

COULD NOT BE SHOT OFF row cornfield. I have ever kept it in mind or snatched from his hand. We were at the distinctly that the sun was only five min- southeast corner, on the east face, not 12 feet utes high. Our almanaes show that the sun | from that corner gun, and facing toward Fort rises Sept. 29 at 5:55, and hence I assert that Gilmer. A few rods before us, just where the we reached this point at 6 o'clock a.m. As | works turned to the right, DeWolf saw a man raise the 8th Conn. flag up to the terra-plane, standing just as we were. He cried out aloud, "Boys, there goes that 8th Conn. flag! Over

These last words were his orders to us to start, and suiting his acts to his words, he raised the flag high above his head and we all "scrabbled" over the works together

When we jumped into the ditch the works were chock full of rebels where we went, and there were about 10 men near the corner on that broad platform, and these all surrendered without a shot. At the rear end of the traverse was a group of 26 or 30 men. These had guns, and all seemed to fire at us.

Our flag fell on the platform beside the gun. and on it fell Charley DeWolf, pierced with what seemed a dozen wounds above his belt. And here let me stop to record the dying words of this young here. Serg't Wesley Sprague, of his company, knelt by his side and said, "Charley, what shall I write your father?"

He had served two years in the same company With convulsive gasps Charley answered, Tell-the-old-man-

I-DID-THE-BEST-I-COULD!" and died. Oh! you good people up in Blue Earth County, Minn., if he is alive, take good

care of old Alvin DeWolf. "A noble sire must have bred so brave a son," When I "lit" on the platform of that gun the nearest rebel to me was-by the braid on

his sleeve and collar-an officer. He held a smoking Colt's 44 in his hand, and over the point of my sword I asked for it and got it-I've got it yet. I looked and saw five chambers loaded and also ordered forward two men to each none. I asked, "What were you in command corner of the worm-tence in our front to of?" and he replied, with a gesture, "These overthrow the same at the order to march. | men!" I ordered him over into the ditch with the others.

where we entered and where we had seen the 8th Conn. flag go over. The men were coming over fast now, and in just the same shape that we did. We went down into the street that formed the rear-side to the works. It was a hot place. From the rear, in all directions, bunch of rebels who fired at us at first had retreated around to the west side of the traverse. and some 8th Conn. chaps had followed them. While I was monkeying with my revolver. at Tight-shoulder-shift, and at "common borrowing caps and putting them on it, and getting down to the street, they were having

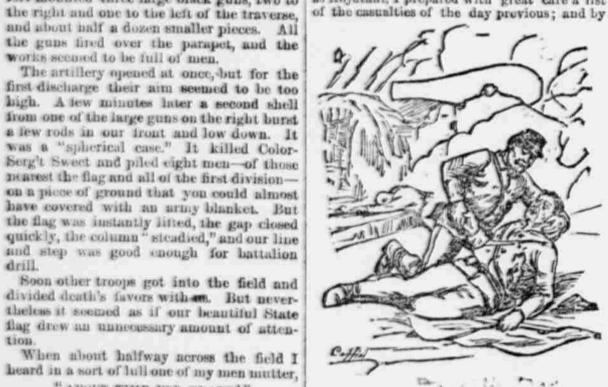
> QUITE A SHOOTING SCRAPE with them. It ended in five or six dead rebels and the balance going over the front into

The situation as I saw it in the fort was woods to the northeast were filled with rebels in a more or less disorganized condition. I saw two or three good-sized companies leaving in pretty good shape, and well out of the way. Many others were stopping under the first cover to fire back, and there was a constant spattering

mand, whacking away, each on its own hook. After we had been down in that street about 20 minutes, I saw a group of officers around a dead body, and on inquiry I was told it was the 96th N. Y. with two or three of its officers, within an hour or two later he was in command of the division temporarily. He outranked sight was enough to whiten the lips of the | many Colonels by holding a commission in the Regular Army, Capt. Henry Buckman was in command of the regiment, and I was detailed as Adjutant. That night I detailed for fatigue

EVERY UNWOUNDED MAN AND OFFICER in the regiment, and with Capt. Buckman, a few wounded, the Hospital Steward, three fort, divided from from to rear by a mighty | color-guards and our flag, lay down on the open traverse 25 or 30 reet high. As far as we ground just outside the ditch at the southwest corner of the fort, and slept,

The next morning, in discharge of my duty fort mounted three large black guns, two to as Adjutant, I prepared with great care a list



reference so my diary I find that of the 167

looked the size of our modern baseball or a the 96th N. Y. only had eight companies, and trifle larger, and they didn't seem to move | none of these were on the skirmish-line; also, much faster. They struck the ground 15 or , that the 96th habitually carried an old battered Stars and Stripes and a New York State flag. The latter was a gift from wealthy New York city friends of Col. Cullen to the regiment, We were told the embroidering of it alone cost The men shied to the left and right, lifting \$500. It was elaborately mounted in solid their legs high in air, and, to my utter as- silver, and was, I believe, the most beautiful tonishment, dodged them as easily as if they | flag in the Army of the James. I don't know for what reason-I suppose it was because previous division had not the unobstructed view that experience had taught our color-guard that one | frankly states he writes from memory, and we we had, and these harmless-looking balls fing was enough to look after in a scrape—but so took off every limb they touched. Three or it was that the Stars and Stripes were left in the they are quite a few; but "Carleton" gives couple of days after the fight. Noticing our regiment with only one flag, the rumor very When we neared the "draw" at the foot field. We sent for it a couple of days later, and naturally got started that we had lost it on the of the hill, for a few rods only Col. Culien after it came there was added to the rumor ordered a double-quick. From the track of that it had been returned to us by the regia horse in the mud of that draw I dipped ment that followed us in the charge. And this we write what we heard, so state, that we with my hand two or three sips of the best | was readily believed-especially so since the

> by and leave anything behind them they could lift; and then some AMBITIOUS "NUTMEGGER" inserted the name of a dead friend between the rumors; and that's all there is concerning the

two flags and the 96th.

Now, Serg't Ware, wasn't that British field in two lines. The enemy were waiting for officer mistaken about abatis? I didn't see any; us, and when we rose to fire that volley it | did you? Sergeant, I think yours the most correct account of the capture and repulse I have yet read. About the number of the dead, on the morning of Oct. 1, you know, the pickets yea, the mouth of hell itself! I've no idea | were drawn in to burn that house in our rear,

and after the fire Lieut. Nelson Gibbs-now of Westport, N. Y .- took out the west end of our brigade line and I did the east end up through those dead, and walking my beat there in the hollow just in the rear of the line, I could count between 600 and 700.

Lieut, Gibbs, are you alive yet? Shake! Tough day, wasn't it? Let me hear from you. The 98th N. Y. was a noble regiment. Tried and retried in the fierce fires of the Summer of '64, what was left of it

WAS "FINE GOLD." I do not believe that braver or more obedient soldiers ever followed any commander. Less than 30 days after the capture of Fort Harrison fore I leaped for the ditch. Landing on its | the 98th was mustered out, and 30 or 40 of its enlisted men who had veteranized were transferred to the 96th N. Y., organized into a comour men up to the earth level, where there was pany and given the letter (D) of one of our obliterated companies. The very next day (Oct. 27, 1864) after they joined us, it was my privilege, side by side with these men, to assault those rebel works in front of old Fair Oaks. They were true as steel, and many of them there laid down their lives in defense of the well to a Johnny just skipping into the brush in between Charley DeWolf and the next man only flag the 96th N. Y. every lost, for it lay beneath the dead body of Pat Sampica when we left it to march to Libby. In the name of Charley held the flag down and out over the | these comrades, dead or living, I protest against that slobbering appeal as related by Comrade Morey. I shall never believe that the 98th N. Y. listened to it, or that any commanding

officer ever uttored it. There are several things about the assault that I would like to hear about from the actors themselves. First, how far to the right and left of that road beside which we moved up did our skirmish-line reach? What did those skirmishers do when they reached the open field before the fort? Did they skirmish clear in, or did they reform into columns as did the other regiments? I do not recall that there was a soul in sight between us and the fort when the 96th entered the field, but there were some off to our left where the woods reached up nearer the works. Will the 8th Conn. boys, or anyone else who knows, was there or was there not a wagon road entering the fort at its northeast corner, with a bridge over the ditch, and did any of Stannard's Division enter that way? Was there any cavalry in the scrape at all, between the colored troops on our right and the river? A word about the "first flag." At the time

I thought it settled beyond a doubt by the verbal report of Gen. Stannard's staff that THE 96TH N. Y.'S FLAG and the 8th Conn.'s flag went up together, and

I never claimed for the 96th's flag that it was more than five seconds ahead of them. I would be glad to see the reports of the division commander and brigade commanders. I have never seen either.

See Comrade Taylor's adv. on page 5. WRITING "HISTORY."

Comrade Spicily and Sharply Criticizes "Carle-

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: When I began to read the very interesting articles by "Carleton" I thought, "here is a person who is almost omniscient," and I read but few of his papers other men that had just come over between by the officers on our side, but with equal ease rest of the boys after peace is declared." gives verbatim the conversation of those wearing the gray, concerning the same events. As a novelist he does well, but as a historian he is most injurious, especially among those | march was again taken up.

for whom he claims to be writing-the boys came shots at us from the retreating foe. The | and girls of America. When writing anything for the young, if we expect them to remember it, we should be careful to tell the truth, and especially so when we attempt to give historical facts. Take, for instance, "Carleton's" account of the killing of Gen. Leonidas Polk. It is told so minutely and apparently fully that no boy or girl that can be affected by death scenes can ever forget it. When they shall read what we call reliable history, and see a very different statement, they will condemn and denounce one or the other. Properly they will soon learn to question the truth of all socalled history, and the sooner they learn that the better, and in this perhaps "Carleton's" articles may be of some good.

Imagine Gen, Howard telling Gen, Sherman that Gen. Thomas wants him to be sparing of his artillery ammunition, when Gen. Sherman tells him to use it! And recently a member of the 5th Ind. battery has Gen. Sherman use some very soldierly language-orders a Corporal to fire another shot and to then return to the line; both cases referring to the same instance, the killing of Gen. Polk.

I read a short distance into one of his articles describing events in which I had supposed I participated, when I suddenly stopped and concluded I was certainly not there, for his statement and my account, written on the spot as the incidents were occurring, were so dissimilar that they could not refer to the same events. I concluded I must have been in a dream at the time; but since I have seen others question the correctness of "Carleton's" statement. I have felt more confidence in my own memoranda.

From the time I entered Uncle Sam's service. in August, 1862, until he permitted me to again don the garb of a civilian, in July, 1865, I kept as complete a record as circumstances would permit of everything connected with the portion of the army where I was; especially of all I saw, and of every march, long or short; made a map of the roads traveled, and all crossroads, rivers, creeks, etc., we came to, for future use in case of necessity. I find my record reads

"June 14. . . At 12 o'clock several batteries, including ours, opened on the mountain (Pine) and on the woods at the foot and the front of the mountain. We shelled the grounds quite thoroughly." * * *

During the cannonading the rebel Lieut.-Gen. Polk was killed, a 10-pound shell passing through his body and burying itself in the earth some distance farther on. Prisoners who were taken that afternoon said he was killed in the manner above stated, and that the battery that fired the shell stood in the field near the old house, clearly describing our position. We know that there was no battery within a quarter of a mile on either side of us, and we were so near the house that we used it for quarters. Our battery fired 16 rounds, and ours were 10pound guns. What kind of guns did the 5th Ind. have?

I notice many are writing about a body found hanging on a high hill near the Chattahoochie. On July 5, I wrote: "I also saw the remains of B. P. Duncan, a Confederate soldier, hanging to a small tree, by

the string from his haversack. The flesh and some of the bones had fallen off." I distinctly remember it. It was a small sapling to which he was hanging, and it was bent over down-hillward so his remaining foot (one having dropped off, and being still in his fault. Harry promised, and, with the jacket shoe under his leg), was only four or five inches under his arm, set out on his errand. from the ground. A paper found in his pocket bore the name above given, from which I judged it was his name. He had evidently hung himself. Some soldiers said there were

two others near by; but I hunted thoroughly

and found none, nor could I find a soldier who

had seen any others; the nearest to it was, "Some one told me he saw two others." I do not doubt that "Carleton" has found somewhere nearly all he says, "so written," as Josephus expresses it; but he adds too much from his imagination. It makes a good novel, but very poor history. And memory, also, is very poor authority to quote from, as witness Gen, Sherman in his "Memoirs." There he can then excuse any deviation from facts, and Adjutant's tent at Bermuda Hundred for a us no such chance, as he writes as though all he states is simple truth.

Comrades, what we write will be read by some one. How much of it will find its way into history we cannot tell. Let us take care to. state facts as we know them, just such as would be accepted in a court of justice; and when may lead no one astray.-Robert Doyle, Fleming, Mo.

A leading Real Estate Agent and Private Banker, Mr. Ira Brown, Chicago. Ill., writes: "I feel it my duty to say of St. Jacobs Oil that I lay on my back three months with rhoumatism. I tried it, was cured, and have never been troubled since." Permanent cure.

See Comrade Taylor's adv. on page 5.

Falling of the great bridge that spans the East River! A rumor to this effect was heard throughout the city last evening, and caused for a time tremendous excitement, especially as it was reported that many were killed. Later intelligence makes no mention of any accident, and the people are still crossing and re-crossing, many of them being on their way to purchase a box of Graefenberg Pills, which medicine cures all diseases of the digostive organs. These Pills are sold by all drug-

A Touching Stery of the War and After.

BY E. A. DUBEY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Three fifty-dollar bills, and no way to send them home to Dolly. Oh, if I could only see her just for a moment. And my baby boy Clare. I wonder how they are, and if she is thinking of me." Thus mused Bill D-, of Co. F. 5th N. Y. (Duryea's Zouaves), the evening preceding the second battle of Bull Run. "If I am wounded, taken prisoner or killed," and his check blanched at the thought, "the \$150 I have got together will go into the hands of others. Let me see; I have it. I will sew it in the lining of my jacket;" and suiting the action to the word, he began ripping open the inside of the garment. He then wrote upon a scrap of paper the fol-

Whoever finds this will receive the blessings of a loving husband and father by delivering it to Mrs. Dolly D—, —St., N. Y. (Signed) WM. D—, WM. D---,

Co. F, 5th N. Y. (Duryea's Zouaves). He then wrapped it around the three 50's, cut off a piece of his leggings, sewed them in it, and then sewed the whole on the inside of

"There, he said, when he had finished, "if I am spared I know where they are; if I am shot, in time some one may find them-and Dolly may get them, God bless her." "Hello, Bill! what are you looking so glum about? One would think you had lost your best friend." It was his old friend Jack H- who

"To tell the truth, Jack, I have got the blues to-night." "Oh, don't give way to anything of that kind, Billy. "I know, Jack, but I can't help it; I have

been thinking of Dolly and the baby.' "Well, I don't blame you, Bill, for she is worth thinking of. Billy, we both courted Dolly, but you won her, and let me tell you that if anything should happen you, my old friend, Dolly shall not suffer whilst I have a

"Thank you, my boy. You have lifted a great load from my heart. Jack, I have a great favor to ask of you; I know you won't refuse it. We have marched side by side, slept under the same blanket, been together through all the battles of the Peninsula, and I have always found you true blue. We go into action tomorrow. Nothing is more likely than that one of us might fall. If it is my lot, I want you to stay by me until the last; but if you have to leave me, promise that you will take my jacket, and when you have an opportunity send or give it to Dolly, and tell her that there is a letter sewed in the lining for her. Now, my old friend and comrade, have you any message that I may fulfill?"

Jack's eyes filled with tears as he answered, Yes, Billy; write to my old mother in Ohio before I decided he was also omnipresent. As a novelist he has proven himself quite a suc-

in their blankets and were lost in slumber. Reveille sounded, and the men were soon in line answering roll-call. Then the line of At length we were drawn up in line of battle.

Our brigade consisted of the 5th and 10th regiments of Zonaves, attached to Sykes's Division of Regulars. Warren was in command, and as he rode his fiery charger down the line the men seemed to inhale new life. We were deployed as skirmishers. "Jack," said Bill, "the ball is open; we will

foreboding that I cannot rid myself of." anything but your rifle." The order was given to fire. Then, as the enemy advanced through the woods, we could see the advantage they had over us. We were on the turnpike, with a clear field behind us.

"Jack, remember my jacket!" cried Bill as he fell forward, with the blood streaming from | death rate with the same number in Andersona bullet-hole in his neck. It required but a moment to turn Bill over and look in his face. At once his friend per- great. ceived that there was no hope. So, with a prayer for his dead comrade on his lips, he quickly drew the jacket from the stiffening

body. Bill had answered the long roll for the

last time. Warren's voice was now heard ordering a retreat. It was useless for Jack to wait longer, | we can't help ourselves." and, with a last fond look at his old comrade, he left him on the field.

the gallant 5th participated in ; that is a matter | to live on such fare?" of history. Jack was badly wounded in the engagement and lay in the hospital several | there is not all the wood that is needed, for we months before he was discharged. He sent the | have plenty of that, and I will make a comjacket to his brother in New York, who, instead | plaint to the proper officers." of carrying out his instructions, preserved it as a keepsake.

Jack wrote to Dolly while in the hospital. telling the sad news, and also saying that after after which, made into small bundles, they he had visited his mother he would come to were sold for 10 cents each to help out the on him for any service that he could grant, as | the midst of boundless forests.-N. B. EASTON, he had promised Bill to see that she wanted for | Sergeant, Co. E, 20th Ind., Coin, Iowa. nothing. This letter went astray, and Jack waited in vain for a reply. He thought she had forgotten him or was too proud to ask his assist-

Six years passed away. An old uncle had died and bequeathed his fortune to Jack and his brother James, who went West to hear the reading of the will. When the brothers met the first question Jack asked was, "Have you ever heard from Bill D-'s wife"? "Yes! A month ago she was seen by one of

the old 5th, who said she had a hard time supporting herself and child by the needle." "Say, Jim! what did she say when you gave her Bill's Zouave jacket?"

"Bill's jacket! he exclaimed. Why, I have it yet. I remember your instructions, but I thought it would be of no use to her, and as I wished it as a memento, I kept it." "Jim, you did wrong. As soon as you get | back you must give it to her. There is a letter

sewed in the lining." Why did you not tell me before? I am very sorry, and will be ashamed to meet her; but I will send it to her as soon as I return." Directly upon his return Jim hunted up Harry Jones, and told him how he had neglected to do his brother's bidding. He asked Harry to let him know how he could repair his

Dolly was sitting by the table, upon which the remnants of a scanty meal remained, with her head resting upon one hand, the other caressing the curly locks of a bright little fellow seven or eight years of age. He looked up into her careworn face as he said: "Mamma. if you had not been so sick this week you would have made my little jacket for Christmas,

wouldn't you?" "Yes, my dear," she replied; "sickness has set me back, but perhaps Santa Claus will remember mamma and Clarie," "Do you think so? I hope he will. There

is a knock on the door." "Come in!" said Dolly, thinking it was the lady in the next room, who had been very kind to her since she had occupied the two little rooms adjoining. She started with surprise as she recognized one of her husband's old comrades.

"Why, Harry, I am so glad to see you! Sit

down. Why, where did you come from, and how are you? I have not seen you for so long. Do you know I have been very sick, and am just recovering?" Harry was surprised to hear it. "Yes! I overworked myself, the doctor said. What have you there?" as he laid the bundle on the table.

jacket, I believe, and-and there's a letter in the pocket." "Oh, it's for me," cried Clare, "Santa Claus sent it, didn't he, Mr. Harry?" "Yes, dear," and the veteran choked up as he said, "I can't stay, Dolly, but will come in failing to get a response from the first chalday after to-morrow."

Harry's eyes moistened as he said. "It's a

also;" and added, as she looked around the poorly-furnished, but neat apartments, "you the hospitality I would like, but she is welcome, as are all friends of my busband."

rickety stairs with a great lump in his throat. I F, 1st Vt. Cav., Holabird, Dak.

Dolly untied the bundle, and as the jacket rolled over to her view, her cheek blanched. "Great Heavens! A Zouave's jacket. Whose is it, I wonder? He said there was a letter in

it." She felt there; no letter. "Whose can it be! Oh, I know. Some one of the boys has sent it, thinking I could make it over for Clare; Some Recollections of an Ohio Cavhow thoughtfui. Well, dear, you shall have a new jacket for Christmas;" and as she exam-ined it she said to herself, "It is not much worn. Here is a hole in the side of it, and the braid is a little faded. Yes, Clare, go to bed

After tucking him snugly away, she began her loving task. She first ripped off the bright-red braid; then she took the arms out; then began ripping the lining. She had not gone far when her scissors came in contact with a piece of brown leather. She examined it and found it was sewed to the lining. To rip it loose was the work of a moment. As she held it in her hand, she exclaimed, "Why, what

When she had opened it, what did her eyes behold? Three \$50 bills and a scrap of paper. "What does this mean? Does Harry know about it? Let me see what is written.

"What," she exclaimed, "am I dreaming? My husband's signature! Oh! can it be?" She went to the next room and called, " Mrs. Jarvis, do come in; I don't know if I am in my right mind or not. Look! I am rich! And this note, read it; I am all of a tremble." Mrs. Jarvis did as directed, and Bill's letter was read. After the widow had partly subdued her grief, Mrs. Jarvis congratulated her

on her good fortune.

Dolly hardly closed her eyes that night, so anxious was she for the morning. She went over in her mind the things which she intended to purchase. She would roll over and kiss Clare in her joy, exclaiming, "\$150! I am rich, and Clare shall have a new jacket for Christmas. And to think, dear Bill's money will buy it."

The next day Dolly, Mrs. Jarvis and Clare might have been seen in a clothing store, selecting a jacket. She bought several things that she needed, and returned home looking very happy. As she clasped her boy in her arms she murmured: "Won't we have a merry Christmas to-morrow, dear? And to think that it all comes from your dear papa. But while we are rejoicing over the birth of the blessed Savior, papa is with him, singing with innu- tasted fresh meat for weeks and months was merable multitudes, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men." Christmas day Dolly had invited Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis to dine with her; Harry also came, with his wife, and was soon apprised of the good luck. They had hardly finished when a knock was heard. Dolly answered it.

" Dolly." "Good day, sir."

"Dolly, don't you know me?" "Jack!" exclaimed Dolly.

"Yes, Jack H--. I have come to wish you merry Christmas; am I welcome!" "Welcome, you dear, good soul; indeed you tree. Charley Schoffeld, on our trip up from Co. F?"

"Why, Jack, old boy, how are you, and where have you been ?" After the greetings each one told the story of the past-Jack, of the letter Dolly had not re- | we managed to build a little shanty and break ceived and Jim's negligence in forwarding the up our beef heads with it. Zouave jacket, and all up to the present. Before There were two commandants of Millen

a novelist he has proven himself quite a suc- also, tell your wife in years to come to re- Jack left that evening there had been something Prison. Capt. Bowes was the best of his class I took five or six of the 96th and five or six cess, for he not only knows all the language used member me sometimes when she meets the said, and Dolly seemed very happy. Three whom it was my fortune to meet. The other was months afterward you might have seen a gentle- Barrett, commandant of the interior of the Soon the two comrades wrapped themselves | man and lady and a little curly-headed boy on | prison. He was the most inhuman wretch a train bound West. Do you want to know who they were? Well, they were Jack and his bride Dolly, and little Clare, whose Christmas coat was to have been made out of "Papa's Jacket."

> See Comrade Taylors' adv. on page 5. The Treatment of Union Prisoners.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was a prisoner in the old tobacco factory at Richmond in keep together as we always have. The skir- the Fall of 1861, and went with 500 others mishers are being driven in; the shots are | under the infamous Wirz to Tuscaloosa, Ala. coming closer." Zip! Zip! "Jack, I have a What I want to call attention to is the difference in the treatment of prisoners in the begin-"Cheer up, Bill; this is no time to think of ning compared with what it was in the last part of the war, as I was again captured at Spottsylvania May 10, 1864. The prisoners at Tuscaloosa were fairly well treated, as is proved by the low death rate. We lost but one or two of the number in the whole time we were there, from November to February. Compare the

> once evident that the difference was very I venture to say that the loss of any given 10 men would exceed that of the 500. To my complaint to one of the rebel doctors who were tending the sick at Andersonville, he made this excuse: "You-uns have us blockaded, so we cannot get medicine even for our own sick, and

"Well, Doctor," I said, "you must admit that you have plenty of wood, if nothing else, While retreating Jack changed his jacket for | and one of the many reasons for the condition | Bill's, throwing his own away, saying: "This of this camp is because our food, such as it is, is the best way to keep my word with Bill!" | we have to eat half cooked, and I have seen | It is not my purpose to review the battles | men eat it raw. How long can you expect us "Well," was his reply, "I see no reason why

This was all the good it did, for there was no improvement. The men continued to go into the mud, dig out the roots, wash and dry them, New York and see her. He asked her to call scanty supply that was issued to us; and this in

> See Comrade Taylor's adv. on page 5. ORANGE COURT-HOUSE.

The Adventures of Some Cavalrymen at that Place. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A few weeks after our triumphant entrance into Culpeper Court-house a portion of the cavalry-5th N. Y. and 1st Vt.—were detailed to accompany about called out. Thanks to the good Lord for the 19th day of November, 1864, that took me to 19th day of November, near Culpeper early in the morning of Aug. 2, we were called upon to sign a parole preparatory 1862. We crossed the Rapidan River at Sum- to being sent to Annapolis, Md. There we remerville Ford. Here we took a by-road through | ceived the kind treatment of the Sanitary woods and across fields, making for Orange | Commission, and were once more safely housed Court-house, hoping to escape observation by under the beautiful Star Spangled Banner-long the enemy. We had not proceeded far before | may it wave. we found the enemy's pickets. They did not stop our advance, but kept the pickets moving until near the town.

Here we struck quite a force. After a short skirmish, in which several men were killed and wounded, the 5th N. Y. Cav. was ordered across a field to take the enemy in flank. The aire mine-owner, has just built a new opera 1st Vt. Cav. was to continue pressing the enemy | house in Leadville meant to be finer than the in front. The infantry served as support, one in Denver. A few days ago Tabor em-When the 5th N. Y. gained the flank it made | ployed an artist to fresco the walls. It is rea gallant charge, as did also the 1st Vt. Both | lated that while the artist was at work on a regiments entered the town about the same portrait of Shakspere. Tabor entered the build-

of the war-a hand-to-hand conflict. The enemy soon retreated, the 5th N. Y. fol- he?" "The greatest dramatist, poet, etc., that lowing on one road, and the 1st Vt. on another. ever lived." "Ever done anything for Lead-We followed the enemy until we heard the | ville?" "No. I think not." replied the artist. engine whistle with reinforcements from Gor- sadly. "Then paint him right out and put me donsville. We then slowly retired through | in." the town, tearing up the railroad. The object of the expedition accomplished, the infantry began its backward march to Culpeper, the cavalry covering the rear. The enemy, reinforced. followed us a short distance and baited. We continued on to the Rapidan, where the balance of the Cavalry Brigade joined us. We then marched to Raccoon Ford. Here

we went into camp and "swapped yarns" over

our coffee and hardtack. We soon dropped to sleep, dreaming of the grand achievements to follow our victorious sabers. About midnight we were awakened by picket firing at the Ford. first, one or two shots, then a volley. We were wide awake in an instant, and saddled up without waiting for orders. Word soon came in whisper, "Saddle up and form company line; quick, but quiet!" We were soon ready for a move. An Orderly came dashing up and reported the firing caused by some 20 head of cattle crossing the river, as was their custom before the advent of Yankee pickets. The videts at the Ford challenged the cattle to halt. but not recognizing the familiar voice of the "darkies," they continued to cross. The pickets all turned out and gave the cattle a volley, which aroused the camp. The pickets, after lenge, thought from the splashing of the water saddled our horses and returned to sleep, thankold camp and picket-line, remaining there until Banks's army had fought the battle of Ce-"Good evening," and Harry went down the | dar Mountain .- S. A. CLARK, Lieutenant, Co.

alryman.

and mamma will try and make you a nice little BY GEO. A. SMITH, CO. H. 7TH OHIO CAV., WHIPPLE, O.

> In considering the five different prisons in which I was confined, I give Millen the preference. The lay of the ground was the best, the water was good, and the banks of the creek were solid. The rations issued to us were an improvement over those at Andersonville. The meal was finer and better, but it was entirely insufficient in quantity, and we did not receive any salt to season it. On several occasions fresh beef was dealt out to us, and each time the ex-



citement created among those that had not wonderful. At first the meat was simply the heads of cattle killed for the use of the guards. Several wagon loads of these were brought in and distributed among us. We were divided into hundreds, each commanded by a Sergeant. Ten "hundreds" constituted a division, at the head of which was also a Sergeant. The rations were two beef heads to each hundred. Each day you could see the Sergeants coming, carrying the heads by the horns.

A large tree lay on the ground assigned to our hundred. T. Timberlake, Charley Schoffeld and myself took possession of 10 feet of that are. Harry, don't you know Jack M-, of Savannah, traded his shoes for an ax. He succeeded in smuggling it in with him, and we kept it in constant use day and night, each group borrowing it for an hour or so at a time. It was "as dull as a hoe," and we were very weak, but



I ever saw. At one time he ordered me to be tied up by the wrists. On the 19th of November, 1864, there were orders for 10,000 to be exchanged, and 1,000 were to go from Millen. The commandant (Capt. Bowes) allowed 80 to go as nurses-and he took a chance here to fill his own pocket. All who could raise \$100 in green backs got their names on as nurses. In striving for this I woke up Barrett, who was the wrong man. Instead of telling me to go, he tied me up to a tree. He nailed a piece to the tree about as high as my shoulders and about four feet long, and then backed me up to the tree, tied my wrists to the cross-piece, and put a board three feet long between my ankles. In this position they kept me two hours. Then they took me down and "bucked and gagged me. They kept me 12 hours, and were satisfied to let me go. I was released about midnight, and I never expect to enjoy as happy a moment on earth as I did when I was set free. Barrett

thought he had killed another Yank; but I was not in the humor for dying just then. I immediately set about finding Capt. Bowes. I did not find him, but found his agent, one of the so-called "raiders," I gave him all the greenbacks that I had, except a few dollars, and he put my name on as nurse. This was about 3 o'clock, and at eight in the morning I was

See Comrade Taylor's adv. on page 5.

Tabor and Art.

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, the milliontime. Here we had one of the first saber fights | ing and asked who it was the artist was painting. "Shakspere," was the reply. "Who is



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